## === THE HUMOROUS SIDE of LIFE:

**Curious Conceits** of the Funny Men Seen and Described.

old engineer, "seems to me it will be a good while yet before I'll forget the one that chased me and old 96 and Sam King, my fireman, down Big Foot grade, the year the b'iler of 143 blowed up and scattered Dan Piper and his fireman, Bill Jasper, all the way through Sloocum's Cut. All snakes is curious, and some snakes is twice as curious as others, but this blacksnake that chased us down Big Foot that day was curiouser than all the other curious snakes put together.

"We had just cleared the summit to run down into Shin Holler, when this snake jumped out from the brush 'longside the track. He stood on his tail a minute-yes on his tail. I wish Sam King wasn't dead, for then I could take you right to him, and he'd tell you the same. And as for blacksnakes standin' on their tails, why, that ain't any trick at all for 'em to do. Every schoolboy knows that, and I've read it in the papers lots of times, besides hearin' huckleberry pickers tell about it.

This snake stood on his tail a minute, and he was so long that he almost topped the dome of old 96 And you ought to seen the tougue he kept poking at me He wa'n't more than three foot away from the cab, and his tongue looked for all the world like one o' these forks they give you to eat oysters off the shell with, only it was as red as the hind lamps on a caboose I says to Sam:

"I guess we'd better get out o' this!" Sam he thought so too, and I pulled the old gal open, and down the hill we went. thought, of course, that we could run right away from the snake, but when I soked out of the window, great Skeezix! there he was, joggin along with us, and with his mind all made up, plain enough,

o climb into that cab as soon as he could. A year or so afore that I made the run down that grade at a gait I said I'd never out out for myself again. It was a sleety cut out for myself again. It was a sleety but yet," said the grizzled old engineer sort of night that time, and we had picked and the stove committee rose. ip a man at the summit. I forget that man's name, but he had been to a weddin back o' the Holler somewhere. It seems hat his sister wanted to marry a feller that wa'n't jest up to the mark, and the old folks wouldn't have it, but she—weil, I folks wouldn't have it, but she—weil, I forget jest how it was, but this feller had been to the weddin' and got in the way of the guest objected. "What of that?" asked the proprietor. "Weren't there more than 300 people watch-them from the piazzas?"

"Speakin' o' snakes," said the grizzled and I said to Sam that I'd never cut out such a gait again.

"But when I seen that snake chasin'us, and bound to get into that cab, I tried to

and bound to get into that cab, I tried to beat even that gait.

"I had pushed her up to forty mile an hour, and then the boys wouldn't take off another brake, and I had to skin along at that. I says to Sam:

"The only thing we can do is to jest stand our ground and fight if this sarrent gets."

our ground and fight, if this sarpent gers

on to us.

"Sam said he thought so too. I had often heard my Uncle George Klimfinkle say that a blacksnake, when he is all ready, can spring at least twenty foot, right from the muscles of his tail. Kangaroos can do that, and why can't blacksnakes? They don't weigh one-tenth as much as a kangaroo, unless it might be this one I'm tellin' about, and I think it would take a good-sized kangaroo to weigh as much as he did. Anyhow, my Uncle George Klimfinkle said they'd do it, and that you can always tell when they was going to jump by their eyes beginnin' to bulge, and they keep on bulgin' until they stuck out half an inch or more, so I knowed jest what I'd do.

"I'll watch this rantankerous chap's eyes, 'Sam,' says I, 'and if he gets ready to jump, I'll be ready for him.'

"Sam said he thought that'd be quite a good idee, and I watched. By and by I see his eyes begin to bulge. He was goin' along with us at the rate of forty mile an hour, on the tip of his tail, and I could see his eyes bulgin'. I says to Sam:

"Open the furnace door, Sam,' I says, 'and stand to one side.' "Sam said he thought so too. I had often

is eyes bulgin. I says to Sam:
"'Open the furnace door, Sam,' I says,
'and stand to one side.'
Sam done it. By and by the snake's eyes
were sticking out half an inch, and I see that
Uncle George Klimfinkle knowed what he
was talkin' about, for the snake was gettin'
ready to spring. ready to spring.
"And he sprung. I stepped aside. The snake had to duck his head to get into the

snake had to duck his head to get into the cab, and he shot plumb kersock into the open furnace, jest as I had calc'lated he'd do, and he was goin' so fast that his head struck clean again the fur end of it. I clapped the door shet and four foot or more of him hung on the outside.
"We chopped it off, and I took it and give it to Uncle George Klimfinkle's little grandson. He had some idees, the little feller did, and he dried that section o' snake, and I guess he's usin' it for a baseball

## At the Summer Hotel.

The new guest asked if the hop on Saturday night had been a success. "The greatest ever," announced the



Percival-How can you refuse such love as mine? You know I would gladly lay down my life for you!

Priscilla-Oh, well, if that's the case. suppose I may as well let you ask papa for



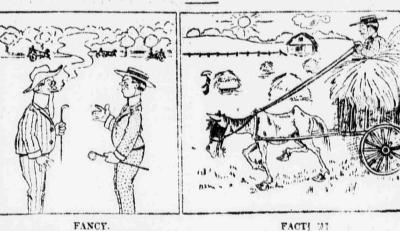
Chames-Say, Mame, ver know I'd lay m whole life at yer feet, don't yer?

Mame--Ye'd best not, Chames. From what I heard yer sayin' ter that cross-eyed Hogan hussy last night, I might take it

## A Laudable Attempt.

"I wish I could keep that boy in check," said the irate parent, as he signed another had he known at the time that he himself voucher for \$50 -Harvard Lampoon. was destined to be one.

## TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.



Yes, indeed. Delightful vacation. I spent the entire time driving, y'know

FUN OF THE COLLEGE BOYS. Can a man square himself by rounding

up his debts? -- Harvard Lampoon. If It Wasn't Material, What Was It? A Cannibal monarch imperial Kept his wives on a diet of cereal.

But he didn't much care

Nor did they; it was quite immaterial!

The Reason Why. Your speech is outlandish, Said Captain M les Standish To a sailor who cussed. But the sailor spoke thus Well-so it may be,

But, then, we're at sea. -Yale Record



Charlie once said that there was nothing he liked better than a good fish dinner. This would have been rather conceited of Charlie was destined to be one.

## She Didn't Like It.



Jack-Wasn't that a stunning dress that Miss Peachleigh wore last night? Jill-Stunning? Why, Jack! It looked exactly like a last year's gown that had been made over in some typewriter repair shop.

Abbott, "just look at th' wages they're going to have that plant pinched and broken payin' farmhands now. An' that ain't up for good." th' best of it, nuther. "Th necessaries uf life is even cheaper

than they wuz before wages went up. Take and flew down to the Sunflower Inn thermometers, fur example; why, Jones th' druggist down in town is sellin' em fur jest th' same price now as he wuz last winter, an' they have to have over twice as much mercury in 'em now that the hot weather's comin' along."

#### A Natural Conclusion First Mucker-Say, Chimmy, wot's pound-

Second Mucker-Ah, g'wan-dog-biscuit,

A BUGHOUSE TALE WITH A MORAL The Raines law of the insect world permits ordinary saloon flowers to sell honey on Sundays only. In order to dispense honey on Raindays a flower must qualify as a lodging plant with at least six bug leaves Not so very long ago the big bug of the insect police had reason to suspect that a certain sunflower with only five lodging leaves was doing a rushing side petal business on Raindays. He called a plain-clothes mosquito to him and said: "Say, Skeets, I want you to disguise yourself as a bumble bee. Get down to the Sunflower Inn just as fast as you can An Example of Our Present Prosperity. fly. Buzz around the side petals a bit and see if you can't worm your way in. If "Talkin' about prosperity," said Farmer | there's anything doing let me know. I'm So Skeets, the fly cop, swelled himself

up as much like a bumble bee as possible "Bloomin' weather," remarked Skeets

to the honey dispenser. "Oh, I don't know," the latter retorted. as he started to close his petals. "Pretty poor weather for blooming, it strikes me." "Hold on," Skeets hastened to explain. What I mean is, it's so cold, that-erwell, can't I get a sip of honey, or something to warm me up, y' know?" "Not on Rainday. Besides, honey wouldn't

do you any good when it's biting cold like this. Why don't you go up to the hotel there

and take a good warm bite of the summer boarder? That's what you need." As soon as Skeets had gone two bumble bees hummed back to the inn and resumed their sipping.

In a tight shut town there's not much show for a saloonkeeper that can't tell a confirmed biter from a chronic sipper.

Exactly.

## THE FLIRTATION OF PRINCE FLORENZ.

## Who Did Not Believe in Fairy Tales.

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jolting of car against car.

track, towering up out of sight, with the train lying at the bottom of the gorge like a new species of giant serpent.

mountain wall on either side of the

The sudden cessation of noise, after hours of rumbling, was startling.

'Is there an accident?' Prince Florenz paused in his walk along the rough gravel roadbed and glanced up at the car window nence the voice had come. As he raised his the Wing cap he was conscious of an impression of beauty and vivid, sparkling life in the bright, girlish at Palo Alto."

face that looked down on him. "It is nothing serious, I think," he returned. "Some sort of a small landslide

"It's so dreadful when you don't know what has happened, and the train stops short all at once," said the voice.

The Prince smiled and gazed thoughtfully ahead to where Haufenstein and the Colonel had vanished around the curve of the track on their hunt after the scene of trouble. Then he turned his tranquil blue eyes to the more pleasing contemplation of the face at the window.

"Aren't the mountains glorious?" She did not wait for him to answer, but leaned farther out of the window, and drew in a deep breath of enjoyment. "We must be light in the heart of the Rockies. Can you reach that flower-the red one, please?"

it grew at the edge of the roadbed, where the close, tangled undergrowth came down and met the gravel. He picked it up and handed it up to her. The face smiled down

"It is so fresh and sweet and woodsy after the long, dusty trip," she said, gratefully. He scanned the mountain side. One smile for one flower-how many for a whole bouquet? The bright scarlet showed here

and there in touches of flame among the dark green foliage. He started after them quickly. It was hot and hard work, but he climbed higher and higher and gathered the red flowers, until the green masses closed upon him.

The girl grew tired of waiting, and leaned back from the blinding sunlight that slanted into the gorge at noon.

"What is it, Nona?"

"Nothing, dear," "Whom were you talking with?"

"Just a boy, motherkin." Mrs. Devereux replaced the handkerchief ever her face and went on with her nap

A warning shudder passed through the train, and the engine gave a short, sharp shriek. Winona glanced out of the window. Two elderly men were coming on a trot around the curve. They did not look used

to trotting, and she watched them amusedly as they swung up on the first steps that presented themselves, and the train moved The red flower lay on her lap, and she glanced up at the aisle for the return of the boy with the blue eyes who had gone for more. Suddenly the train came to a second

standstill and slowly backed through the gorge. They had gone about a mile and a The conductor hurried through the car, followed by the two elderly men. She caught a few words. The Prince was

missing. She glanced out of the window interestedly as the first stopping place came in sight. She had not even known there was

a Prince aboard. A tall, fair boy of 19 or 20 was seated comfortably in the shade of some scrub pines a short way up the mountain, and

She gave an exclamation of dismay as the train stopped short, and the elderly men

shouted frantically to him in German. Love Affair of an American Girl window except one as he made his way tips of her ears, and it appeared that she was not at all interested in the fate of Winona's eyebrows rose ever so slightly.

Princes.

"Yes? Then why don't you speak to his Princes.

Five minutes later he came through the The train stopped short, with a vibratory | car, calm, and with a certain youthful dig-It was not and still outside. There were of many eyes. He stopped at her section no houses in view, only the sheer height of and handed her the flowers with a smile. he said.

> contrition, with a mere trace of amusement. "I didn't know. You can find them growing all around Palo Alto."

Haufenstein and the Colonel were coming down the aisle. Florenz saw them and frowned slightly.

"Thank you," he said, with a last, long look of admiration at the face bending over the red flowers. "I may gather more

Palo Alto is merely a broad, flat crescent of shelving beach. A fringe of villas form a line of separation between the shore and the low, rolling, barren hills inland. The hotel is the only commanding feature in the landscape. It is airy and picturesque and modern. The verandas are hanging gardens of palms and flowers, and a long peristyle, half Greek, half Spanish, con-nects it with the pretty miniature casino

that is built out over the water On the first veranda stood Haufenstein and the Colonel, watching a white chiffon parasol down on the peristyle promenade. For a week that parasol had been the van-ishing point of their speculations.

Daily it had sheltered Miss Devereux and the Prince from the eyes of the curious, and Haufenstein and the Colonel were owing restive.
"I told him that our stay on the coast was scheduled at a week," said Haufenstein. "I told him we would not be able to see San Francisco. He says he does not care for San Francisco, and that we would

extend the stay two weeks."

The Colonel frowned moodily.

"His Highness expects us in Eidelburg Haufenstein sighed over a thick, black

igar that emitted rolls of murky smoke ike a tugboat.
"Florenz says he will explain the cause of the delay to his Highness personally."

The Colonel stared at the white parasol.

He had filled more congenial posts and missions in his life than that of guide and

guardian to an heir-apparent on his first our of the world. tour of the world.

Preparatory to the start the privy council, presided over by his Highness. Otto of Eidelburg, had provided for all emergencies and contingencies which might be encountered. The American girl had not been

provided for as a quantity dangerous in the concrete to the heir-apparent and the Colonel felt his responsibility.

The girl was adorably lovely. As a connoisseur of national type the Colonel was willing to grant that the Prince had royal taste, but if he were actually in love royal taste, but if he were actually in love with her there was no telling what crisis might occur in the line of hereditary succession of the reigning house of Eidelburg

Such things had been Haufenstein spoke suddenly There is Elfrida. The Colonel's eyes narrowed thought-illy. He had forgotten Elfrida.

fully. He had forgotten Elfrida.

"Tell her," he said slowly.

"Elfrida?" The mind of Haufenstein was not adapted to acrobatic stunts.

"No, no. The American. Tell her of Elfrida. Privately, of course." The Colonel bent forward and spoke lower, with a glance over his shoulder. "Teli her he s 21, and just out of Oxford. Tell her he is to be married as soon as we return. And you might add that the heir-apparent is not expected to fall in love with aliens.

not expected to latter than the prive Council might object. Theoretically, he is not in love with any one."

"Except Elfrida?" Light was dawning on Haufenstein, and he smiled.

"Except Elfrida." The Colonel blew a pale, wavering chain of smoke rings toward the white chiffon parasol. "Fight fire with fire. Fight a woman with a woman." "Strobach," said Haufenstein, almost

"Strobach, said Hautenstein, amoust tenderly, "you are great."
"I have fought fire," said the Colonel, and the two smoked in silence and watched the white chiffon parasol, as it moved leisurely toward the casino.

It was after dinner that evening. Winona stood in the parlor of the hotel. She held a card in her hand and glanced amusedly

he held a bunch of red flowers in his hand | from it to the short, stout, elderly gentle- | tranquil. man who awaited her.
"You wished to speak with me, Baron

There were interested faces at every window except one as he made his way down leiburely. Miss Devereux had gone back to her book. She was pink to the tips of her ears, and it appeared that she his way and it appeared that she his way a manufacture of the prince Florenz. I have the honor to be his highness, guardian so to speak

of the responsibility—of his position."

He drew a large creamy yard of white silk from his waistcoat and wiped his brow

"I'm so sorry." Her eves were full of exhaustedly. Miss Devereux smiled encouragingly. "How interesting," she murmured, and all my life and heart lie here."
"You are in honor bound." Her voice the Baron sank to deep water.

"He is to make the extensive tour of the

world before his—ah, marriage. We ca get no farther. His Highness will not go." "Why not?" We can His tone sank solemnly as he bent toward

There was a pause. Winona's hazel eyes sparkled with mischief.
"And won't you let him fall in love if he wants to?"

Haufenstein rose to the surface and took deep breath. "He must not fall in love, theoretically eaking." He wished Strobach had it to himself. Her eyes were glorious. "Theoretically speaking, as the heir-apparent of Eidelburg, he has already fallen in love, because he is betrothed to his cousin, the Archduchess Elfrida." "Oh, yes. The Archduchess is an infant, too?"

"She is 29."
"Yes?" Her tone was sympathetic. "How ong has the Prince been in love with her-

The Baron moved uneasily.
"They were betrothed before the Prince left for England, six years ago."
"Well, don't you think, if this is so well settled, perhaps there is no cause for worry. Couldn't a Prince have even a flirtation, or is that against the laws of Fidelburg?"

Haufenstein glanced up hastily. No, she was not laughing. Her face was expressive of the deepest gravity and earnestness, and he answered confidentially.

"It is not a firtation. He is but a boy, and he are the standard of and he stands tip-toe on the brink of a chasm. One step, and either he can never be Prince again, or else, she whom he loved cannot be Princess. Only those of the blood

royal can be Princesses."

"But if he loved her, he could——"
The Baron bowed stiffly and finished it

"He could give up his claim and rights the throne and become an American

Miss Devereux rose from her chair. she was much taller than the Baron. Baron looked up at her half regretfully.

In her dinner gown of white chiffon and ace, with a single rope of pearls around per throat, she would have made a fairer Princess than the one which Eidelburg

"I don't believe I would worry if I were

you," she said, smiling down on him. "Only one may carry on a flirtation, you know, but after all it takes two to make a marriage."
The Baron forgot himself in an ecstasy of relief and adoration. He saluted the hand extended to him after the fashion of

the court at Eideiburg toward those of the blood royal.

"Miss Devereux, you hold the fate of a dynasty in your hand," he said fervently.

"Or the fate of Elfrida?" laughed Winona.

When she had gone the Baron knew the hard gone the baron to be the said th that the Colonel was right. It was the question of the other woman that would

Florenz met her in the palm corridor.
As he came eagerly toward her she thought now delightfully handsome and boyish I have been waiting since dinner," he laying her white cloak over her

reigh with her, not the fate of a dynasty

houlders.
They walked down the broad stairs to the peristyle, and on slowly to the casino. There was a faint orange glow between the hills eastward. Before they reached the asino the moon had risen like a great repical biossom.

The sea caught the light hungrily, and

each curving wave mirrored a trembling miniature of the gorgeous, flame-colored disk. The Pacific lay before them, dark nd mystical, and Winona looked out over thalf vistfully. Somewhere, far out yonder, the sun was rising on Eidelburg and on Elfrida. She turned her head. Florenz was watching her silently, his blue eyes dreamy and turned her head.

"When do you sail for Frisco?" "When I am tired of Palo Alto," answered Florenz, musingly. "We are expected me the 22d."

"Who expects you?"
'Oh, every one." His tone was vague. "Oh, every one." His tone was va "Every one?" she repeated, softly. Elfrida." "And

"A matter concerning his Highness,
Prince Florenz. I have the honor to be
his Highness's guardian, so to speak, on
his present tour."

Winona's eyebrows rose ever so slightly.

"Yes? Then why don't you speak to his
Highness?"

"Ah, Miss Devereux," Haufenstein's
plume hands formed the nin development of the consideration of the responsibility

seemed far away. The world was conlight of boundless ocean, and orange moonlight with the glint of the and a certain woman, with the glint of the sea in her eyes. He answered unsteadily. "I am not in duty bound to return when

"I have not seen her since I was a boy It is a cursed State affair that does not

He bent over her recklessly.
"Winona, look at me. Elfrida expect to marry the heir-apparent. It does not matter in the least to her who the heir-apparent happens to be."
Winona looked away from him. There was a certain masterfulness and dignity about this fall, blond boy that was discovering

concerting.
"Does it matter to the heir-apparent? e asked, half in jest. His arms closed around her suddenly.

"He doesn't give a rap," he said Up among the palms at the hotel a man dolin orchestra was playing a gay comic opera air. She wondered if Haufenstein and the Colonel were on guard, waiting for the safe return of the Prince from the brink

the safe return of the Prince from the brink of the chasm.

"I won't go back to Eidelburg." There was a ring of defiance in his voice. "I love you and intend marrying you, even if all Europe stood behind Eidelburg and said, No. Strobach and Haufenstein shall sail alone, and we will found a new kingdom of our own sweetheart." our own, sweetheart.

"A kingdom of day-dreams and air castles?" She looked up at him half wistally.
"A kingdom of love, my Princess."
For an instant the fate of Eidelburg ottered. She closed her eyes to keep back tottered. the sight of his face, and drew away from

his arms

"It was to be only a flirtation, your Highness will remember." She tried to speak lightly. He could not see her eyes, nor the tell-tale pain in them. "It always seems so comical to call you that—your Highness you know

"You ought to be Tom, or Jack, or some thing like a real boy. One forgets the highness part sometimes. We had better go back to the hotel and mother and the or little Baron. "They are playing comic opera up there."
She followed the music softly. "There is no king but Dodo."
"Winona!"

She shook her head laughingly and moved it of reach.
"Oh, but it is like comic opera, even to the big orange moon, and the palm gardens and the sea. There are always those, you know, and a Prince. And you make such a splendid one—a real Cinderella sort. You wouldn't do at all as Mr. Somebody or wouldn't do at all as MI. Somebody or other, on the lookout for plain everyday work to support poor little Mrs. Some-body, don't you know?" She laid her hand lightly on his shoulder. "You must

be strong and true, and go back to it all, to Eidelburg and Elfrida. He held her hand close to his lips And you will forget?" She looked out over the moonlit sea and rayed for strength to hold the citadel for

he girl who waited his coming in Eidel-"Fairy tales never come true," she said.
"It is only in them that the Prince travels. in strange countries and marries any little Golden Locks who happens to please him. Really and truly, he only lifts his hat to her, nowadays, and rides by to the true Princess."
Florenz was silent. His face looked white and full of a new-born strength that comes of price and pain. Two forms shaped themselves from the dusky shadows of the peristyle and came toward them slowly. They were Haufenstein and the Colonel. The Prince turned his back on them deliberately.
"It isn't too late yet," he said leaning oward the tall, slight figure in white

Winona smiled and bowed as the Baron came toward her anxiously.

"We were saying farewell to our favorite state of the property in Pale Alto "she remarked "His spot in Palo Alto," she remarked. "His Highness leaves to-morrow for Eidelburg."

Won't you give me an answer, and forget verything in the world but you and me?

JOE, THE JUNGLE BOY. and fifteen minutes later he was under the tree sniffing about and growling. He was angered as he got our seent on the leaves, and as he moved about the vines swing against him and bothered him.

Being the Adventures of a Boy Who Was Carried Off by Gorillas.

CHAPTER VI.

Tan, Miss Devereux, Haurenstein's of the consideration of the responsibility that became him well under the scrutiny of many eyes. He stopped at her section and handed her the flowers with a smile.

The flowers with a smile of the consideration of the responsibility of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the consideration of the responsibility of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the consideration of the responsibility of your position.

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The flowers with a smile of the consideration of the responsibility of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the consideration of the responsibility of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the consideration of the responsibility of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the scrutiny plump hands fanned the air despairingly; of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the scrutiny plump hands fanned the air despairingly; of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the consideration of the responsibility of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the scrutiny plump hands fanned the air despairingly; of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the flowers with a smile of the question of the responsibility of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the scrutiny plump hands fanned the air despairingly; of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the flowers with a smile of the question of the responsibility of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the scrutiny plump hands fanned the air despairingly; of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the consideration of the responsibility of your position.

The flowers with a smile of the scrutiny plump hands fanned the air despairing There were just fifteen of the beasts, and they dwelt together in the greatest good

> nature. They had no fear of anything in the forest, and if an elephant, rhinoceros

serpent in the tree with me. His head was not ten feet away when sat up, and in another moment he would have bitten me. I had seen all kinds of

nest and went tumbling to the ground, twenty feet below. The serpent darted at me as I fell, but I was too quick for him. The noise of my fall awoke the gorillas, and as soon as they saw the snake there was

chattering and screaming could have been heard a mile away. Each beast armed himself with a club, and they began to close in on the anaconda. I

stood at a safe distance and looked on The serpent at first tried to get away, when he found he could not two or three turns around a big limb and made ready to fight. The gorillas did no rush in on him at once, but got above and below and all around him. When he struck

him with their clubs until he fell to th ground a helpless mass.

Then they came down to me to see if I was burt, and when they found that I was all right they frisked around and ap-peared to be highly pleased. It was well

After the serpent had been killed the gorillas armed themselves with fresh clubs and we went prowling through the forest for a mile around to see if the anaconda nd a mate in hiding anywhere. We looked up among the trees and into the

long distance, and alone a long distance, and about.

Every night we could hear lions roaring, and sometimes the beasts came walking under the trees in which we slept. This made the gorillas very angry, and they would shriek and scream and break off branches and throw them down. They were not afraid of the lions, but they would not descend to the ground to battle in the

darkness After the lions had bothered us for many nights I determined to do something to frighten them away. One afternoon I set out to gather a lot of liana vines. These vines are as stout as ropes, and some of them are hundreds of feet long.

The gorillas watched me with great

ouched the ground.

I was going to try a little trick on the ions. I could not tell the gorillas my idea, but I am sure they understood. When the noise had been prepared and dark-ness was at hand, I rolled over and over

In about an hour we heard a lion roaring

He kept sniffing and growling and prowling around, and finally something happened. He put his head into one of the noes's, just as I hoped he would.

When the knot tightened on him and he was caught fast, there was such a roaring of rage and fright as the forest had never heard before. The gorillas knew that the lion had been caught as

well as I did, and they were so excited that they almost fell to the ground.

There are two hotels in the town and their landlords are bitter enemies. The New York man found this out soon after his arrival, when he asked for a glass of beer.

"Temperance town?" "Yes, thanks to that --- ." The name of the proprietor of the other hotel was among the words that followed. "I guess you can get a drink at his old shanty, though, if

perance town?" The landlord's explanation, with the language revised, was this: The town had formerly been a license town, and he, the New Yorker's landlord, had run a bar and paid for the privilege

"So what does the sneakin' scoundrel do?"
wound up the virtuous landlord. "He
fills up all the drunken bums that hang
around his dirty den the night before election and then drives 'em round to the polls to vote for no license. And that's the way he gouged me out of business. Me run a speak-easy, too? I wouldn't stoop that low

## CHAMPAGNE BY THE STEIN. Little Insight Into the Fare of the Labor

When the three met, the delegate explained that he didn't want to be seen talkng to reporters, and therefore had been bliged to appoint a place of meeting where t would look as if he were with friends He urged the reporters to try what he called "a stein of imported beer," and his urging was so insistent that they consented.

There has just been placed on exhibition the Umlauff Museum at Bamburg the biggest known specimen of gorilla. It was shot in the Cameroon territory in West Africa.

After much difficulty it was removed to Hamburg, stuffed, mounted and placed of exhibition. It measured 6 feet 10% inches om the crown of the head to the middle be, and across from middle finger to middle nger, 2 feet 3% inches. It was largely a latter of chance that the commercial travel-

When the natives came to the agency at Cameroon with stories of the "big monkes" Herr Faschen did not take much stock in their yarns, but when the native troops started out on a hint for the gorilla, the German traveller took his carbine and went along. After some hours' travel they came to the patch of bush where the gorilla was supposed to be in hiding. The natives surrounded the bush, and suddenly the benst's head appeared. Herr Paschen made a path through the bush with his bush knife, and when within range took aim and fired.

It was a lucky shot, for the beast at once fell with the bullet through his head. He fell with a crash, and was almost instantly dead.

## In just a minute sixty seconds. ELEPHUNT'S BREAT NAW.

When the noonday sun was having its perpendicular crack at Broadway and the business section around Fourteenth street was making for lunch. John L. Sullivan right from the tub, stepped from the Morton House door to sun himself on the curb. His coat was thrown back carelessly, rcvealing a new waistcost of vegue color. Sinuous stripes of purple ran perplexingly defying the eye to tell whether they were going up or going down. Where the gar-HOW TO CINCH THE RUM TRADE. twine up around the Big Fellow's neck the collar had been cut by a craftsmen Put Out Your Rivals by Getting Out a No- who knew the true sweep of an artistic License Vote and Run a Speak-Easy. | curve. Above the sheen of white linest A New Yorker who has been visiting a a wine colored tie of noble proportions little local option town up-State tells a was knotted into a bow. Occasionally story of strange excise conditions which John L.'s Adam's apple came down bibu-

> back into place, discoppinted. Two men who couldn't agree on a horse to win the first race or me out of the bar and fell naturally under the spell of the wonderful waistcoat. John L. nodded to them and they drew near, studied the hue in shadow and in sunlight, and fell out as to whether it was brown, mauve, tan or some-

thing else. Out of the store across the way shot a clerk with a time allow, noe of fifteen minutes in which to make of himself a human envelope for ple, milk and sundries. of the disputctious gentlem n who had an acous into nee with the clerk helted him. What is thet?" seid he, putting a finger

been telling women for six months what the shade was. John L's lounging ear caught the reply

"Not breadth, said the questioner. We want to know what the color is."

"That's what I'm telling you," said the clerk. "Elephant's breath."

"Elephant's breat?" repeated John L., looking down at the garment again.

millinery, you."
The clerk tried to laugh, but the grin had hespital air about it, so be chased around the corner toward the quick lunch, and as went John L. bellowed:

to Spend the Most Money Yet. Every fair or exposition, international or national, is announced as "the greatest The St. Louis fair next year will be

acres, but the new world's fair at St. Louis will cover 1,180 acres.

The construction of the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition cost \$8,500,000, that of the Paris Exposition \$9,000,000, and of the Columbian Exposition \$27,250,000. The estimated cost of the St. Louis fair is \$30,000,000.

Before the exposition gates are open, the city of St. Louis will have expended, and is now committed to the expenditure of, \$20,000,000. Of this amount \$5,000,000 was appropriated for the fair through the Municipal Assembly; citizens of St. Louis raised \$5,000,000 more by private subscription. By popular vote at a special election charter amendments were carried which will enable the city to expend \$10,000,000 more. The attendance at the Vienna Exposi-

of course - Harvard Lampoon

After I had been with the gorillas three for four days they appeared to accept me; In my next adventure I will tell you through the basic color of the garment,

or buffalo came near our home he was attacked at once and put to flight. My first adventure occurred within a week, and I had a narrow escape from death. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and we were all asleep in our beds,

snakes, and knew this one to be an anaconda.

simply threw myself over the edge of the the greatest excitement. Their scolding and

t one, others would be ready to hit him.

The fight lasted half an hour. The serpent was hissing and striking and keeping the gorillas off, when they suddenly bounded in with screams and shrieks and battered

for me that I awoke when I did. The anaconda had fangs over an inch long, and would have killed me if he had bitten

thickets and vines, and kept up the search for two hours, but nothing came of it. The serpent they had killed had probably come

curically at first, and then turned in and helped ins. When we had twenty long pieces I made slip-noos's in one end of each and made the other end fast to a branch When I had finished, there were twenty vines langing down so that the pooses

on the ground so as to leave my scent.

No sconer had I begun to roll than the gorilles did likewise, and we had quite a frolic at it. Then we all climbed up into the same tree and kept very quiet as we

when I suddenly awoke to find a monstrous "Not here," growled the proprietor of he place where he was staying.

I did not call out or rise to my feet, but "But how can be sell liquor if it's a tem-

The other man had run a speak-easy, even under those conditions could keep up with his law-abiding rival.

# or all the rum in the State of New York."

Leader in These Piping Times. Two reporters called recently upon a labor leader at his union headquarters to inquire about a matter in which his organization was concerned. He made a hurried engagement for the next day at a West wenty-fourth street saloon.

was so insistent that they consented when the "imported beer" was served by the barkeeper, who had received a wink from the labor leader, it was champagne. "I take it in steins," said the host, "be-cause if any of the men should come in they'd think we were drinking beer. wouldn't stand for champagne

### Biggest Gorilla Ever Shot From the Chicago Record-Herald.

matter of chance that the commercial travel-ler Herr Paschen of Schwerin shot this gigantic gorilla.

When the natives came to the agency at

John L. Has Bought a Noble Tie That Requires Expert Cataloguing.

indicate that virtue is not always re- lously, touched the wine color and clucked

on a spot on the wristcoat.

John L. was indifferently studying the parcrama of Union Square.

"Elephant's breath," said the clerk, who'd

and interpreted it as a statistic of size. The cane went over to the left hand, the firgers of the right hand gave a twist to the mustache and John L. cried: "Wot's that?" "Not breadth," said the questioner. "We

ocking down at the garment again. "Say, o elephunt could live five minutes with breat' like that."

Then he shot a look from under the bushy yebrows at the clerk and asked: "Kiddin." eyebrows at the clerk and asked: "Kiddin's me? Elephunt's breat', eh? An' I s'pose I'm wearin' a corset, ain't 1? Back to the

"Does an elephunt wear pearl buttons on his breat' too?" RECORDS ST. LOUIS MUST BEAT. And She Has Begun Her Fair by Planning

yet," and if all the figures of preliminary announcements were justified, the success of each succeeding fair would be so great as to make impossible any serious effort to compete with it at a succeeding one. announced, twice as large as any former exhibition. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia covered 236 acres; the Paris Exposition of 1898-1900 covered 336 acres, the Columbian Exposition at Chicago 633 acres, but the new world's fair at St. Louis

\$14,117,382 receipts

The attendance at the Vienna Exposi-tion of 1873 was 7,251,687, and the receipts \$6,971,832; at Philadelphia in 1876 the at-tendance was 9,910,996 and the receipts \$3,813,724; in Paris, 1878, the attendance was 16,032,725 and receipts \$2,531,650, in Paris, fourteen years ago there was 28,149,353 attendance and \$8,300,000 receipts, and in 1893 at Chicago 27,539,521 attendance and